Just at this time there was a great dearth on the stage of people with lovely diction, and Lillie Langtry had it. I can imagine that she spoke Rosalind's lines beautifully, and that her clear grey eyes and frank manner, too well-bred to be hoydenish, must have been of great value.

To go back to " Olivia.*' Like all Hare's plays, it was perfectly cast. Where all were good, it will be admitted, I think, by everyone who saw the production, that Terriss was the best. ° As you stand there, whipping your boot, you look the very picture of vain indifference," Olivia says to Squire Thornhill in the first act, and never did I say it without thinking how absolutely *to the life* Terriss realised that description.!

As I look back, I remember no figure in the theatre more remarkable than Terriss. He was one of those heaven-born actors who, like kings by divine right, can, up to a certain point, do no wrong. Very often, like Dr. Johnson's " inspired idiot," Mrs. Pritchard, he did not know what he was talking about. Yet he " got there/' while many cleverer men stayed behind. He had unbounded impudence, yet so much charm that' no one could ever be angry with him. Sometimes he reminded me of a butcher-boy flashing past, whistling, on the high seat of his cart, or of Phaethon driving the chariot of the sun—pretty much the same thing, I imagine! When he was " dressed up ” Terriss was spoiled by fine feathers ; when he was in rough clothes, he looked a prince.

He always commanded the love of his intimates as well

as that of the outside public. To the end he was "Sailor Bill"—a sort of grown-up midshipmite, whose weaknesses provoked no more condemnation than the weaknesses of a child. In the theatre he had the tidy habits of a sailor. He folded up his clothes and kept them in beautiful con-